except it be the old Romans, whom they avowedly despise for the very fact of their so doing. And how we can, with one breath, despise the system in others which with the next we openly advocate for ourselves, is more than I can find a ready reason for. And here let it be understood that I do not blame the Classicists of our time, and let the Gothicists go free, but almost the reverse; it is the entire principle of copying, following, imitating, adopting, adapting, or whatever form it takes for the occasion, which I denounce in every respect in which it is made a fundamental element of thought in architectural art, whether with reference to copying a certain design in whole or part, following a period, imitating a master, or adopting a style and adapting it (of necessity) to the requirements of a different age from its own. Answer me this question: why is it that we nowadays build in all manner of imitations—in all styles but our own?

The originator of this very singular system I designate, for want of an accepted name, the archæologian. It is not the archæologist, the honourable antiquary, at all. I am, so far, archæologist myself; my taste does not lead me to enthusiasm in respect of it,—it is not especially my mission,—but, of all discourse possible, "discourse on antiquity" that enlightened visiting of the past which gratifies one of the most interesting forms of educated curiosity in the human mind, is to me among the most entertaining and pleasurable of discourse. I am never at a loss in that best appreciation of archæology by which one can place himself in the very past itself,—not merely registering dry forms and facts as such, but reverting in fancy to the very scenes of old time themselves, and dreaming day-dreams of those that are gone, till they come forth from the tomb again, and walk and talk as men and women, with all their strange old-fashioned ways about them as they seem to us now, but with the same blood in their veins and the same light in their eyes, the same anxieties in their thoughts, and the same joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, in their lives, that we have. This is what I hold to be the enjoyment of archæology, and so do I enjoy the archæologist's discourse. But the discourse of the archæologian—the painstaking resurrection of minutiæ of fact as matter, not of curiosity for inquisitiveness, but of revelation and authority for present avail,—I will not use hard words, my son, but I will say that I deplore this exceedingly. Snppose, say I, that history were to become deranged in this manner, like archæology—that historians were to take to this resurrectionism, and delineate the actions of men and women of old, not for the gratification of enlightened curiosity, but for the use and authority of persons whose pride it was to copy, imitate, adopt, and adapt to themselves, the characters of these men and women of old—one "adopting" the idiosyncracy of Julius Cæsar, another that of Peter the Hermit, another that of Queen Elizabeth, another that of Tippoo Saib, another that of the poor high-priestess of Amen-Ra in the Mummy-room; and another that of Abraham, Isaac, or Jacob, Tiglathpileser, Robin Hood, Dr. Johnson, or the Caliph Omar, or whomsoever else might take his fancy,—suppose we were to walk about every day in all manner of guises, and perform all manner of appropriate action, according to these precedents of history,—where would it end? Suppose some of us were to become crazy with a resolve to "imitate" the politics, laws, and social institutions of some fashionable "period," and advocate a reversion bodily to the feudal system, and tournaments, and trial by ordeal, and ships like large nautilus-shells with cross-bowmen in them, and tough beef and ale for breakfast, with fresh rushes on the floor, how would the world receive our arguments? and where would they put us?

Archæology in architecture will be cultivated no less than now, when the present mistaken application of it has been long forgotten. I do not care to hesitate in predicting that its reign is now nearly over. It has reigned long—ever since the fourteenth century, more or less; and it has run through a great deal of matter in one way or another; there is not much left for it now to overtake, and therefore we may fairly look for the end, and hope for better days. The error originated in a very excusable manner, at the period of the general revival of ancient letters. Everything of the authentic classic Roman remains became eagerly sought for, anxiously studied, and adopted with filial confidence, — and the Roman architecture among the rest. The principle of copyism was introduced for perhaps the first time in the history of the world; and I say it was excusable, and all of us who appreciate the position of the time will excuse it, although it is now excusable no longer. In most matters of learning, literature, art, and social doctrine (though not in all), the principle has by this time exhausted itself and died away piecemeal; in architecture, however, it has scarcely yet completed its appointed course. Under what is called the Palladian School, Roman architecture, "adapted" to the modern time, enjoyed a long and uninterrupted career. In every style of copyism there arises a conflict of two principles,—the one carrying "adaptation" into "abuse," the other reverting to "purity" and gradually repudiating "adaptation:" and the reversion to purity inevitably conquers its rival as a matter of principle, and then conquers itself, making way for experiments in another style; for the result of this gradual repudiation of adaptation is simply the gradual abandonment of the one condition on which the exotic style was adopted, and the gradual development of its unfitness in requirements foreign to its origin. Thus the Palladian pursued purity at length into the Greek style, and at last to such an extent of repudiation of adaptation there as to make way for the palatial Italian and the Gothic styles (not to speak of erratic and frantic efforts in the way of Egyptian, Moorish, Chinese, and so on) to tempt the dissatisfied copyist. This they did successfully, so that Mr. Hosking tells us "it is an argument in proof of the classical beauty of the Pointed style that when the eyes of men were opened to the perfections of Greek architecture they began to discern *its* merits also." My explanation of the circumstance alluded to rather is that men discovered the inappropriateness of Greek "perfections," and turned their attention gradually to another style (from mere habit) to try what would come of that. During the past half of the nineteenth century we have been pursuing Gothic copyism into purity, and its unfitness for modern purposes is now being rapidly developed. Of the Italian style I can only say that, being so much more appropriate for our purposes than any other, it wears well and gives occasion for much promising originality, which will presently expand into the means of our acquiring a knowledge of our own strength; whereupon, the purity of the Gothic having by that time defeated itself, it is to be hoped that the true lamps of learning and teaching will be lighted again, and these false lamps, whereby art-learning has been made parrot-rote, and art-teaching the systematic overthrow of liberty and genius, extinguished and broken up for ever, to be dug out of deep dust in due time by the healthful archæologist and held up for the wonder of a better age, and for the warning of all well-meaning inquirers into antiquity to avoid the errors of the archæologian, whether Greek or Goth, and of all brethren in our art-fellowship to keep to the healthy first principles of their art as they would be worthy followers of those who have gone before, and worthy leaders of those who come after.

K.

ST. BOTOLPH'S WITHOUT, ALDERSGATE.—The parish church of St. Botolph Without, Aldersgate, was opened on the 4th inst., after having been repaired under the direction of Mr. John Blyth, architect. Our informant states that the coved ceiling over the altar is painted tints of drab, the whole of the ornaments enriched with gold. The wall under the string course is finished verd antique. The six upper panels are filled in with arabesques, and the four lower with figures representing the four evangelists, painted by Mr. Frederick Sang. The marbling and gilding were executed by Mr. Sewell.

SMOKE NUISANCE.

THE prevention of smoke is a desideratum which has, more or less, engaged public attention for many years; and individual enterprise has from time to time effected considerable results towards its accomplishment. Until a comparatively recent period, however, it has not fallen within the scope of legislative interference; and, indeed, such was not likely to take place before scientific investigation had proved that it was a thing not more desirable than practicable. Now, it is a requirement positively within the pale of the law; and we anticipate a near time when the manufacturing cities and towns of the United Kingdom will no longer be characterised by heavy canopies of blackening vapour, but present their tall smokeless chimneys to a cloudless sky; and when the overt act of belching forth "volumes of smoke" will provoke prompt and condign penalties. Luckily, it happens that the interests of the owners of these tall fumiducts (locomotive, by the way, as well as stationary), are on the side of prevention; and it will be when neglecting their own good, that they will become amenable to the laws which enforce it.

Already "the City" is within the scope of an enactment such as we refer to; as witness the following clause (xlviii), from the amended City of London Sewers Act:—

"That from and after the first day of January, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two, every furnace employed or to be employed in the working of engines by steam, and every furnace employed or to be employed in any mill, factory, printing house, dyehouse, iron foundry, glasshouse, distillery, brewhouse, bakehouse, gasworks, waterworks, and other buildings used for the purpose of trade or manufacture within the City (although a steam engine be not used or employed therein), shall in all cases be constructed or altered so as to consume the smoke arising from such a furnace; and if any person shall, after the first day of January, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two, use any such furnace which shall not be constructed so as to consume or burn its own smoke, or shall so negligently use any such furnace as that the smoke arising therefrom shall not be effectually consumed or burnt, or shall carry on any trade or business which shall occasion any noxious or offensive effluvia, or otherwise annoy the neighbourhood or inhabitants, without using, to the satisfaction of the commissioners, the best practicable means for preventing or counteracting such annoyance, every person so offending shall forfeit and pay a sum of not more than five pounds nor less than forty shillings, for and in respect of every day during which or any part of which such furnace or annoyance shall be so used or continued."

Here is something active and positive; and although, within Temple-bar, the *dictum* of "No smoking allowed" does not extend to kitchen chimneys, it may yet not be uninteresting if we examine the subject in its leading phases, to the end that the idea of smoke prevention may become, popularly, more familiar and less misty.

A very brief reference will suffice, to that transitional period when, through the decadence of the forests, the innovation of sea-coal, otherwise coal brought by sea all the way from Newcastle, had disturbed the ancient arrangements of the hearth, and interfered with the vested prerogatives of hand-irons and fire-dogs, superinducing "cradles" and such-like contrivances. It is so amusing, nay, edifying, to contemplate the disgust with which the refined and sensitive author of "Sylva" regarded the new fuel, or, at least, the effects of its extensive use in manufactories within the walls, that we are tempted to let him speak for himself,—showing how ancient is the outcry raised against the sooty products of coal combustion, although not accompanied with the demand that its consumers should burn their own smoke:—

"That this glorious and ancient city, which commands the proud ocean to the farthest antipodes, should wrap her stately head in clouds of smoke and sulphur, I deplore with just indignation. What darkens all her other attributes except that hellish and dismal cloud of sea-coal, which is not only perpetually over our head, but mixed with the otherwise wholesome and excellent air; and that not from culinary fires, which being weak and less often fed below, is easily dispersed; but from some few funnels belonging only to brewers, dyers, lime-

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